

# IN FLAPPERLAND :- You've Got to Know the Language to Find Your Way About :- By J. W. McGURK



# HEARD AND SEEN :- A Column FOR and FROM Everybody :- By BILL PRICE

On page 8 of the "March of Events" section of today's great Times, you'll find a Heard and Seen song, "The Grand Old Column," which every fan has been seeking for years. The words are by the late JOE CONKLIN, and the music by one of Washington's masters, PAUL SCHWARTZ. If you want extra copies you had better order early.

**SOME OLD ONES GOOD.**  
MILTON JETT likes this story as among the best of the old ones: Little Harry (to mother)—It wasn't the stork that brought baby.  
Mother—Is that so? Who was it, then?  
Harry—Why, the milkman. Haven't I read the sign on his wagon: "Families Supplied Daily."

**PLAYING WITH WORDS.**  
There is only one trouble with this old word; it's full of just that.

In every walk of life there are some that run and some that crawl.

One secret that will never be explained is why the average woman cannot keep one.

It takes people of every kind to make a world, and the more kind they are, the better world they make.

The spendthrift's income goes out before it comes in.

The mean have many ways of being so.

What bothers us is why we must be bothered with what bothers others.

The principles of the man who does everything upon general principles, are not worth generalizing upon.

What we shall be hereafter may depend a great deal on what we are after here. F. J. SCHWAB.

The banker member of the congregation may be a good churchgoer, but the minister of the flock is quite likely to be a mighty poor banker. It ought to be mutual. FRED VETTER.

**"CHINNING" WITH YOURSELF.**

I'm never lonesome—even when alone. I always hear what I have to say and try to show myself the proper way.  
I always point out to myself my own faults to hanker for others' pelf. I like to look myself straight in the face and tell myself I'm not living a lie. Sometimes I like the things I've done. Then again—well—it's a lot of fun. Try it with your "inner being." You'll see yourself, but won't be "seeing."

**CLEAN FUN VS. INDECENT AND OBSCENE.**

Another student newspaper—"The Record," of Williams College—has been suppressed by the faculty for printing indecent and obscene things in a recent issue. "The Ghost," of George Washington University ceased to walk any more when the faculty evicted its further existence, and several other faculties have taken similar action.

The mistake some college boys make is that they do not use clean and wholesome fun in their publications, but resort to the suggestive, smutty material so often circulating among those whose appetites call for raw stuff.

Overwhelming public sentiment is beginning to demand suppression of that which contaminates and the substitution for it of that which leads to higher ideals in life. The movies and the stage have been and are, full of "dirt" which no man would tolerate in his own home, among his women and children. And yet his women and children go into places of public entertainment and see and hear just what the head of the house knows to be degrading in its effects.

It may be true that Americans are the worst of the world's hypocrites and set outward examples which they do not live up to in private life, but if we do live a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence it is best that we do not admit it to the outside world.

Unless the indecent and obscene are frowned upon by thinking men and women it is only a question of time when these things will become recognized standards and we will unconsciously drop into the actuality of what we are portrayed.

If our fun can not be clean and free from dirt, then civilization is going backward and not forward and we will become a nation of smut distributors and coarse jesters who find nothing amusing unless it is in the realms of the obscene.

**GOLDEN TEXTS OF NATURE.**

A smiling field, the laughing brook, Whispering voices of spring woods, The crooning grove and floral neck, Are golden texts of Nature's book, And voice exalted dreams and moods.  
Grand, virgin views and sky-blessed hills, A river musing in the dawn, Teach wondrous chords of magic trills, Attune the soul to peaceful thrills, That linger when the spell is gone.  
Those charms and images so bright, Inspired of beauty, love and hope, Endear the thoughts with sweet delight, While visions roam in winsome flight, While portals of life's ray scope. GEORGE SANDS JOHNSON.

**DEFINITION OF JAZZ.**

(By JOSEPH E. LLOYD.)  
A tin dishpan and an auto horn.  
A squeaky fiddle and a rat eating corn.  
A baby's rattle and a puppy's whine.  
A cowbell jangle, and a rosined twine—  
That's Jazz.

A saxophone, an exploding bomb,  
A locomotive whistle and a big bass drum,  
A yowling tomcat and a frightened fowl,  
A ripping seam and a hound dog's howl—  
That's Jazz.

A callopie and a whirlingig,  
An alarm clock, tattoo and a squealing pig,  
A heathen Chinese saying his prayers,  
A monkey in a china closet falling downstairs—  
That's Jazz.

**HICCUGHS AND HOOTCH.**

A professor in the University of Pennsylvania gives warning that an epidemic of hiccoughs is about to start. He says that hiccough epidemics come in thirty-year cycles and this is the year. The trouble may be worse this year than ever before on account of so many brands of irritating hootch, which affect the phrenic nerves. Furthermore, the doctors declare that if the compounding of all sorts of dangerous hootch continues the people of the country may in a few years become affected or infected with diseases never before known to medical science, which may bring death or permanent invalidism.

**Mother.**

Because—  
Your eyes are wondrous blue,  
Your loving heart is staunch and true,  
Your golden hair is tinged with gray,  
Your face grows sweeter day by day,  
Your love for me is real, sincere,  
Your arms protect when danger's near,  
Your very life, you'd give for me,  
That's why, dear mother, I love thee. FANNY BUSH.

Famous characters who disapprove of bobbing the hair:  
ABRAHAM.  
BLUNDERBUSH.  
PADERBUSH.  
THE FURIES.  
SAMSON.  
RIP VAN WINKLE.  
LADY GODIVA.  
CAVE MEN.

**AMONG THE TITLES.**

"Too Much Speed," cried "The Little Minister." Don't you see there's a "Dangerous Curve Ahead?" I do, said "The Nut," but keep seated. We're "Good for Nothing," anyhow, and we've still got "Two Minutes to Go." BESSIE EVRY.

## Who Remembers? - - By Dick Mansfield



**IT'S "BY EVERYBODY," TOO.**

A bright little lady in GOLDEN-BERG'S takes exception to the line in Sunday's headings that H and N is "For Everybody, by Everybody," etc.

She says, "I know a little girl who has sent contributions and they were never published. The paper editor said she didn't like a great column, but I can't see the other part."  
We genuinely welcome new contributors to the column and they come in every day. There are occasional contributors, however, whose articles do not fit the spirit of the column. Sometimes they write on subjects that are not suitable. They may have been published before or they may contain the names of persons who would object to being brought in that way. Here's the best rule about the column for aspiring contributors: Just because your first or second contrib. fails to get in, just keep coming until you get the "hang" of the column and then, when you do break in, "oh, boy!" You know what old PERSEVERANCE does.

**FRANKS OF BOYHOOD.**

My uncle owned a nice deep well. Gee, but the water did taste swell. One day I sat on the edge and I gave him a push and he did drop. I looked at him and said with a grin, "I'd drink a whole lot, but the cat fell in." Well, after hearing that the family took sick. I got sick, but 'twas a pretty sick trick.

**"DUSTY" RHODES.**

SHIFT THE GEARS, PLEASE.  
Johnny's mother sent this note to the teacher: "Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact, but you have pulled Johnny's right ear until it is longer than the left. Please shift the gears and use his left ear for awhile." DUKE WAGNER.

**BRIGHT VETERISMS.**

To the man with grit the "accident of birth" becomes a mere incident. He gets there just the same.

"Give until it hurts," we read. But some people are very easily hurt!

The man who buys books does not necessarily collect them. It's the fellow who borrows them who attends to that.  
We all approve of "ripened leadership," but when it becomes "over-ripened" we hold our noses. FRED VETTER.

**FRECKLES EVERYWHERE.**

I'm forever growing freckles, Little freckles everywhere, All o'er my nose and beneath my eye, Makes me so mad I almost cry. Nothing seems to stop them, Nor nothing will seem scare, I'm forever growing freckles, Little freckles everywhere. HANK HAWKINS.

**DESCRIBING A HORSE.**

(Willie's school composition, By J. T. R.)

The horse is a four-legged animal and looks like a dog only a lot bigger. He has a long neck sticking up in front of him with a mane on the back of his head. He is useful for pulling wagons and other things. He has four legs all together, one of them at each corner of his body like a table. His feet are solid like hard rubber without any toes. He don't have any horns grow on his legs. Some horses are black and some are white and some are different colors. His front knees are in front of his front legs, and his back knees are in rear of his hind legs. He has long hair on the back of his neck that reaches down to the front of it. He is a very frightened animal and easily scared. They have to put leather spectacles on him so that he can't see to run sideways. The other day I saw a poor horse in a wagon with a broken leg. The horse is an affectionate animal and loves everybody to slap him on the neck. He always eats his meals standing because it is so hard for him to get up when he sits down. Daddy says that horses belong to the negative class—whatever that means—because they always say "neigh." When I get a big man I am going to buy a dark horse because daddy says dark horses always win.

**LEARNING THE MULE.**

"YASSUH" asks us to reprint this one, which jingles well to everybody who has ever made the acquaintance of a husky young mule:

"On mules we find Two legs behind. For the hen is dead that slumbers. We stand behind. Before we find What the two behind be for."

**THE HEN.**

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! For the hen is dead that slumbers. And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest, And the shell is not its pan, "Egg thou wert and egg remained," Was not spoken of the hen.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the great barn-yard of life, Be not like those later cattle, Be a game rooster in the strife.

Lives of roosters all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And when roasted leave behind us, Resonance on the sands of time.

Refracts that perhaps another Drooping mule in the rain, Some roosters and hen-patched brother When he sees small crow again. J. A. TUCKER.